

HUFF H A C K S



BLASTER H A C K E R M A N

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BLASTER AL ACKERMAN



LUNA BISONTE PRODS

2007

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THIS WORK CONSISTS OF HACKS
DONE ON POEMS FROM JOHN M. BENNETT'S BOOK,
CANTAR DEL HUFF
(LUNA BISONTE PRODS, 2006)

CANTAR DEL HUFF, IN ENGLISH
WITH A TRANSLATION INTO SPANISH BY THE AUTHOR,
INTRODUCTIONS BY IVAN ARGÜELLES AND
JON CONE, AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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JOHN REMEMBERS – AN INTRODUCTION

Over the years I have had the extreme pleasure of sitting and having grand conversations with John M. Bennett. John, in his capacity as Neighborhood Committee Chairperson, has filled me in on local shopping center/highway development politics and told me wonderful things about his many hospitalizations and plans for eventual world domination. So, when John offered to share part of his memoirs with us for this publication, of course I was thrilled. This portion of his memoirs deals with the Great Depression and how it affected him, his family and his rather grandiose ambitions.

The following is an excerpt from John M. Bennett's personal memoirs:

The [stock market] crash had a big impact on our parent's generation. It also left my generation with some feeling of insecurity. The vivid memories I have of an actual interest in Nazism, even wearing swastika earrings and instimulation danglers up my ass, probably did not compare to an eclectic late-90's combination of new wave body adornment. All the same, ours were cheaper for they were made of "but a single" rice, that is to say, sinewy gato.

The "depression" years had a big impact on my life. Going into the 1930's, even in my home town, I remember struggles for less than a hundred dollars especially about these circumstances where shiny floor tongue don't step in it. And how can I forget your shoe I emptied trying to provide negative response that the sight of a nose ring blew the mouth-cloud from my mother's face rich with flitty staring. Flitty staring, yes, and, curiously enough, retention-fecal. Story mice de manned a root lump or annual "pagination" cold flock slight castration . . . and . . . and something rising from the basement sky as bugs formed a cross at the window, resulting in several early commitments for yours truly. Not to mention those bags of chips like the nose cone writing about four unmarried young men who thought of nothing but TV carry-out, etc., that's what coruscated like the very devil for our large family. I know living as a yard creature, half-human, half-animal, made me feel the effects of aspirin-mud. In addition, just as planting flags of ham loaf sprayed with backpacks was made for watch junk a "par" with one foot the other up my ass, foal poking as os temtostion wore my voice from the fla-pp-ing shorts as I toiled against my father being concerned about the grocery bill.

Upshot? There were many hiking trails made by these four young men in the Mary Baker Eddy Forest which we still use today . . . Hm, I must ask Fabio about this . . .

[The following is an overview of an article taken off the internet for some reason] The Great Depression vs. St. John the Dwarf by Murf the Surf: "Battering was very common, like battering the hell out of eggs, potatoes and other produce. A 'silver shirt' from the age of nine, I know that unless it was 'fuck', 'death', and 'hate', I did not feel completely comfortable until we kept a lot of thickeners in the door your 'back sees'. We always had food on the table unless he who created up my ass a shit hoof was not for merchants like Mr. C Cup. As the mouth-moth who farted around

with indentifiable look key looky bare armpit, I know that if it was not for 'slinky' thrown down the steps, then that crouton monkey up my ass--i.e., 'life itself'--would have been a lot tougher on us as a family of 'lovely dimming rock face dregs.' From my age on up there was plenty of opportunity for illustrating the continued oppositional threat that youth subcultural behavior would lush then lash about like frothing on the pill.

I will avoid writing about the political aspect of those times, but looking back I am not sure why. I can only wonder that my perch-pail [made by these men] wasn't more brimmy so as to express a disdain for the sexual ambiguity you lay face up with when proud skinhead women lost all opportunity for wookie logo huffing, either on my father's slave farm, or thinning beets 'n cluck a fiendish John Eatonesque symbol associated with pull-chains that the shoe head forehead inverted my pain-killer streak and later in the picking years, strike out in the big game of life to cultivate and thin both sugar beets and rancid bockwurst . . . seize that ripe banana on the wall and grin inanely . . .

"As I say, today I will avoid these things even as I talk and blow at you down your reefed out stupa-king. For a feeling of worthlessness is the test if it's loam yr trick across the puna steady wind we're talking about and clasp the foul memory of my father and his somersault from an elevated stage into the beet picker hoards, ay captain where he noshed he would be caught and sometimes elevated like a beachball from your mouth, the pink yogurt in a tube when the times were good, the rooster a slaps coagulant in inflicitive hairdo noose when the times weren't so good, as the saying goes.

Either way--my father started farming when ordinary people who do not always search for any kind of work were good for forms on the floor. One form I remember in particular. It wrote with stapled anchovies. I am writing about this particular anchovy in order to explain my raisins saved kinda acrid with the evening's olive up my ass, so thank you for sharing with us your knowing what practices such as scarfing tried to excell for in blind lavage whose "coo coo labio in doubt" led my simmer or whatever it scarfed up these last pen years in order to avoid the swaying lamer trail laid out backwards. I believe your spread sausage rain off the wind so I see behind words o firm stunning waffles at your hat. Many, driven by desperation, resorted to a compost bucket reef inside yr shirt just to get soggy, soggy in yr paper suit, baby, or my name isn't both sugar beets and table beets.

Thank you John for sharing with us!

STAIN THE HALL WITH SWELL FUR

A "single rice" swollen with a moth
was all this "there"? or in your ass
beneath your chair queasy listing
easy listening 'pon the pond what then?
the sender "dead or" like a lung kinda,
blew me round and slime and iridescent
tee bags of meat collected on the page
past gas nailed into the yellow seat
of dream I am banana peel feel the garbage
'round my leg so the painless bread the
cornflakes and a frenchfry marrow
pants the book that's never opened
thicker blood than blood crawling in
your arm was that a pen you held?
Oh LORDY no, that's "slake your seat"
so I will note and handy reaching
for the branch the crow eye's
on your buttoned hat why you
sprawling on your back? Yr knee
my tongue?

(from the highly honored CANTAR DEL HUFF)

LAGA-NAGA

Meant for dimly sinking ones, the
locks freak but tells yr salad
light hollow bats flooding dusk
or making the unresponsive bison-thing
your altar-
"ego" lumpy lumpy, rough
tank parked thong and there's the carrot.
so perhaps we can start again
and understand a man has a man a man hasn't
my fingers in the clean rock wall
before turning for encouragement
to Encouragement is when yr meat trained
to walk up to that few days without
no pills or cheese 'n change no laundry
caga "where you squat" yrs a smear-inside. yr vista
saw it all behind, sore I combed the stander
it who thinks the "grocery" store
and insects in yr belly mountain 2 hands.
they are almost like plane for gate loose
crickets, tempting air, the trees "with clues" and, hah, caga
caga.

(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF, a poem sequence comparable
to the story of John Wesley when he was wandering loose
that time down around Juarez and couldn't stop twitching)

"WHERE YOU SQUAT"

Meant for dimly sinking ones, the
locks freak but tells yr salad
light hollow bats flooding dusk
or making the unresponsive bison-thing
your altar-
"ego" for the splurt
empty spread before your legs
lumpy lumpy, was but then it
held what grew to be *estaciona*
miento and a "dog brain" looking out
stuck in yr nostril "like a flag"
so perhaps we can start again
and understand a man has a doll'shead and
heaving up the doll'shead for lost coin grinning
like a man hasn't
my fingers in the clean rock wall
the supermarket clawing toll
meaning hardly funny sleeve glands down empty of my birds
guts steaming in yr hat a cloaca below
palabras fount mad root of the *explana*
what bloodworm floats yr cloudy sea? that's right
"where you squat" yrs a smear-inside, yr vistas
saw it all behind, sore
I combed the stander
it walked up to that drained rim one leg
mas sin, mas ota, choked inside yr
tongue a low wag protrusion "page"
and insects in your belly mountain 2 hands
selves can I say that selves
the slender fool poking in yr sink
stay drink through night and be filled
en tu condicion de olor pato

(from JMB's extended gland of ecstasy CANTAR DEL HUFF)

MON ANUS

Please, what's hangin' here, drain off
and swirl away will be a shirt
the same a "sheet" (parrots bouncing
a grunt page you drain and mumble on
a description in Burning Daylight where
MUTISM goes for years without uttering a word
and GIBBERISH the language of also
strongly suggests that he saw something
sticky on the walls a dim star or at the least
church targets for our spray cans but I still
open over root egg halves, soggy hair
it fills me room (you can't see it too well
tho it offers a swell smell list of these terms
because they seem to describe
a "clay animation" ham and pouts
nothin' malted there's no "such step"
in your bath tub stay and wipe the
TV reach behind the towels so much ragged skin
laps "my" brim and I jumped in
the start again into combative grave ("dolls")
churns 'n gleams (since I already felt myself die
back in May
will I just go on making these circles?

(Once again, ladies and gentlemen, from JMB's
mighty CANTAR DEL HUFF)

MEAT BAG BOUND

meat bag bound in "air" was you was
pause the snake was leaving you was
thinking you'd just "go on the county"
merely be supine and outlast the world
but nothing will outlast the world
'cept maybe reportage from your pocket change
or yr complaining of rotting on the high beach
signature and wipings. more than
whoever launches oatmeal from his trailer house
porch where paul the snake was leaning
red and sticky not like high slumped fronts
of spiffy big titties--not like wally visage retention
signs of half-respectability in how you fill
your cheeks with meat then streak this glop past
thirst, illusion, lather, leather, snapsnap
in the oily branches glisten on your sleeping thighs
yes, you are growing more fastidious as you grow
yr tongue behind the talking shed and neighbors
arrive to line up at yr secretist-place, hoping
for a little Tourette's, where one spasmodically mimics
grotesque twitches and rude speech and some-
other gravitational body that's affecting it as
"with a splash" name the same sky
creamed inside a lunch with you my naked feet
drink air I am the one who feels comforted
articulating things into my scarf. just masticate
yr hand to feel the touch of coast and wriggling.
just a little heaven in my belches.

*(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF and, one would guess, many of
Rudolf Steiner's books--including several hundred vols of those
fog pressed in you until you just had to "dance the logorrhea
glottis" "way down there" "in the hazur of fat," I betcha)*

GENTLY BRIGHT

scalding sun the northern desert hisses in yr ear
night the day is clear, grassy storms
cluster in the south (log's hair deep
behind you spraying "liar" at
sky flopped back rather like fish-thick water
rather like leg my sweating keys beneath my
fingers slow bags of churning lunch
wade out on the hot bright beach turds &
deo-shards cut yr fingers' wealth behind my butt
that's the way I fool you sicko commie guys
yr guts of lead your lube ladder knobs
stubble table where you craved that lipid journal
double entry on yr left,
in doubt, ply shift, gently bright with
mucus or a satchel packed with methane spirals
running loose in the dreamy rains (loosened
and run through louder than a muddy menu
behind my butt in company with yr fingers' wealth
climbed renamed it "flatulens" the view
was como laimpara a flashlight
you were chewing Thursday night
we walked beneath the bed a dust
y sky. no "protection" no boil
ing of the roof so we could rise
as "steam camera stuffed with cookie dough"
pretty disgusting that "story-fire"
wrapped into a larger version of
gleam beside the toilets if you
try they break, so try harder, and vaguely a part
I have a terrible suspicion: we are in a bookstore.

*(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF and this, I believe, is pure CANTAR DEL HUFF
with maybe a little Haddock on the side, and that's the best reason to have
an experience with an outsider who suspects nothing)*

HANDSOME SPIDER ON YR PILLOW

the murk-thought you carried off the meatloaf
you big criminal and insects less than
bla, bla, "cluck" a few ("sore again?") them
shorts splashing up yr back was
your felt belt dropped behind the cages
like a joke twisting in its mold
only door out this lap of sal
ad sipfleda tu vinagre
try not to soil yr pants for handsome spider
on yr pillow "aspiration" start to cough
oil chambers "start to toss" tars mi
gas but you stroked them overhead *not*
a door it's a door all stunned bread
'n coffee in your clothes caged with
nuthin' melts no "matter" sounds or
heard one name you called yr dream gland
"versal gain" the rat maestro, those bags those
in the dusty soup you sat be
low the hangers with yr head in
clay ("floating"-through the lightless light-thing
while your clawed ham walked behind the cheeks
like ink and flowers tales of a pail of wrists
pale in yr "head"light coffee tastes
like diarreas couldn't I? (depends
on whether this is a golden age we're living
depends on whether sprinkled with yr thought pepper
sucks

*(from JMB's familiar CANTAR DEL HUFF. Too familiar by now
perhaps, some will say? Look at it this way. How many dots and
dashes, what strange relation to a bee, how much mucus in yr
beard lavished upon it, count yr nose your legs & groin ah butt
the fundus interest and before you know it "all is torn off" all is
string you defy the deaf with . . . wacka wacka)*

THE SLEEPY GARDEN

spoon (kinda sticky but) based on my eye was what?
crusts all spell check in the rain I soak my rampant
slinky in smoked a half listen smelly flames and windows
hanger-wires stick out your frontal yr for-head
light rose these rays like yr "ton" by gus it drools
toward the steps flaking storm room is habitual
ten, click rejection, still the runs to that plumbed fall of hair
like my teeth in the "great eye" of I could smell could
know "thing" crank slow but juicy, muttered damp luggage
ramp what you shuddered or chase meat with, the tomb guzzle,
form a "just born" a "fusion with your" birth-
exciter (bladder jug the floor dog licked and fell cloudy in)
across the table blandly fighting with snails
your skull will cool & what about eupnea?
well, eupnea and recession jumpy labmice fluid
retention you bloodied best rendition
of your flab ("bed grease") you read the "wavy flea"
or read veresal crashed against the "wall
and babbled". As to why dim walnut crawl
notted at your founder dome I suspect
that presence of a raisin sent them both striding
to the door. They reached for the knob. There was none.
"Brittle runt" & Tubby stared all day a gourd or chair-being
the sleepy garden scatters beetles as Pasternak wd say,
dusted outa there, dragged by it

*(This of course is from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF, it is also from
JMB's rOlling COMbers. What JMB wrote while drunk is there for all
to see, and then making for the bride's place and an all-night
party. The snow tastes more like weasle pee because of the
undergrowth. Here we are jumping labmice retaining fluid like the
disaster story of mice and floods)*

MARK'S STORY

Konbu son of clump-'
tailless, peering
aspiration "start to cough" page
yr buttons in a clot) cross the tracks
now slow because the track s now slow
the list again, horn or soi-dis
tant or in yr ass great vacant boughs
screen the lubrication for now
sidewalk ausente with yr eye cream
y and your becoming" was supine, con
dition-heavy, with yr sauce yr
word "T" coughs out did that mean edema-
flavored, sloppy where you fell in heavy sprouting
into a plate, of course, a plot motivated by
the tray of paper mice you slip yr face
into and form glassy-eyed
hissing chameleon champagne
beneath your chair bubbling from the
charnel stew and yr surging moaning juice
you bite the knob "lightly now"
slapped the window gown belching like
we were sitting in the dark
eatin' pizza and around one we found
it was inexplicably covered in hair

*(from JMB's vivid notions proper to a buried head
otherwise known a music innocent of time and sound
as Cantar Del Huff intended for a mental home
go on drinking as the webbed-darkness of a sewing basket
helps you imagine what loins of trichinosis are made upon)*

MUST

MUST have some "Halal Meats" he raved
Falling about a papered wall not a pissed-on *Time* magazine
Ah "Halal"! I dreamed I met the staring tribe again
something I would chew when we em
braced when your opinion seemed to hurdle
o'er the couch and past the shrieking
idiot cards, a heaving clump of mouths
for time and ash storms so you licked
yr bright ediani vase where a meteor fell? at cost
a "Halal Meat" tray fingered far aloft and twit
ters in a tree. Go down on a wild camel
if you wd know real sorrow (a sleeve gland's down empty
of my birds
the trunk is foaming evening speeds
the leaves are nervous than your jump
lumpy chain & chair, and proud you were dip
ping 'n perk ee ee that's punctuation glot
al clam an' after all that turn speed smote you
"I" or "smoke" make you feel how
nothing errs more than a peckerwood

*(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF--more the spirit than the words
in this case you might think but then again I still think about
your shirt after lunch, yr fondled grey blusters and tell m
other ham "Rock Wigwam")*

BEHIND THE ROCK

Cluck and Drone behind the rock
Bright stacked jaw cheese form lent inna clod pole, nor
Fail to swallow reflection
Of my Princess
Dentition Mud and
Seeds its curtain filled with blare
Made of breaded meat kind colonic
Weevils rustle in but goad
Ded with the lock glans key
Please in
Dicate your lap what place that "place" from yr ear so
Much sloshing to yr eyes de
"Core" slants against the bottomless black
Nights where what's face left something
Shines round yr ankle
Has festive corpse light
Conveyed der mutitus, are
All the sockets dancing like lake a
Sock yr grey phone-dream your cheap
Ten domes and not very good erecxction
This proves that Bayes signature not available
Still shoulder full of melt thumb worst knoll
seriously doubted
Yr bod gland strong
Enough to stick against
Napkin folded like a goddess
Thanks to you o folded one
Big Boy french fry flattened below the drive-through window, turn
Wah the Dog loose on these buggers
Is what I say and
What faces left juice or snore crates of loose pants
Are intimidated by what's flopping dim, besides
I had a dream last night that garb
Age land of spent pie smelt good & dungy
Save me some

*(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF and in this case several new ones of 8/23 such as "Rugged"
etc. Now we must go on. Look at the tree, watch the tree. We will know the real truth--but
later, much later--when we wake at the end of the world. Laughs, drinks water . . .)*

MYSTERIES OF DER HEAVING

dust a luster on the toilet seat like scalding all
the brothers, all the delectation of drink my spud
and closet flaw that river swallows at your heels
such lumps such mosquitos
drop yr foot off me & start bailing the wet tubes
by the time you were in the trailer
and had the door closed, he wanted to say
"stay off the dumpster" but instead he said
"I have been trained for the sole purpose
of understanding yes-men who many
like ink and flower tales of clung haw knots
inside yr pants ah "tubulism" bury me
it's time for an emotion that you've never had
in all your adult life: ready?
never look again, never look again
at the one who throws no shadow
in hair and drains - and Loki begat Hel,
Fenris is the Great Wolf
and the Serpent, Nidnogg, who
lives beneath the tree, flat balloons
stuff his shoes 'n other mysteries
the steamy mud kept from us
and the greatest of these is
some flies, snack mood, sticky rug and
thigh. I'm in the dark on this one myself

*(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF and let me again assure you that
you are in no danger of any indignity from those hysterical ones
who go around accompanied by a stocky angry man whose neural
flow is full of uneven spurts, indicating emotional disturbances, but
oddly enough whose deja-vu keeps him accompanied by those
hysterical ones who go around accompanied by him at all hours)*

ACT OF PAP

My "place"? boiling butts
and ball points out yr facial stall
(kinda tunneled through yr cheek chain
(mumbled limbs 'n squeezings "blink blink
my" great pig grin behind the coun
ter sup a up! (crate of feet word keys
ace a th read he ap of pap er a nts dead flo at
yr thought all for peacock ready-wets, y
r face crushed nodding of the rest of ha "time"
bas h me one tan mute
yr dag rabbity crib business flavor the need
le, the rinse, the dot throry is, our flopper
leg like sleeps bra shaker, the free wally wa
y hard to think of basement filling a
act of narrating itself this time by itself
claiming then that it is the act of pap
face crushed nodding and the glans torn
shaded in yr armpit like hat the floor bring me.
like deaf "inition" cor cor, for that matter.
and like every hand a glove or inside out, o what a yolk
bright with antibiotics soaked in me like
2 were need were 2 and 6 directions
to the outside bowl you coughed in
was reckless sank-but what made your eyes so wide
and cd it be the redness occurs historically at that
point where the text invents its own nores
yr pants all sticky with refusion and a door?

*(from the immortal CANTAR DEL HUFF, and that's not all! Poems from 8/30 also make their
bow this time. It seemed to me that this time I stepped in, stood by the door, closed the door,
avoiding the puddles of snow which he who possessed the reckless sank-but had tracked in
from some world I couldn't
imagine. Perhaps Earth)*

THE LAST STENCH

at the last stench of "life"
or life o hose impassioned
drain off me my leg so the painless bread
at the far end, brings a limpet the late sun swamps
upon which lies an open coughing tree socks strong glass
and idyll at the uncoiled joint ("pundits' slops," more or less)
and how many years behind the dream bat
teries my inclination to remember strangers who enter
at midnight I soak my rampant cookies
'n boiled, obviate, undula//ah ah//
I was sagging but I felt you up, rag pole you chewed
or blundered toward muddy butt gastric doll does this end

as an ominous sound emerges from giant words
flapping in the rain you're melting
round your plate a drenched
fly mumbles in yr pill you're launching
toward a slakement stray leech quivers
in your throat you're leaky
pen your oily pencil's
far below a spring mesa in which
a "dog brain" slides around a plate a drenched fly
mumbles, "Scan an ong creed ('lidless') in the window
bite the knob lightly now
"blinking" "moonning" what oughta we do about
this drugstore noisy with clowns biting alla knobs,
for example?

(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF which that from underneath
comes very near even when death by tractor-seeds leapt
out into the air as though to convey the virus of undula
//ah ah//)

FELL SLAPPING

The referential fetish cannot draw its poetry from the past,
but only from the reeling hairs a box for each 'n every
coldcut in the sand like slugs bright slime
and iridescent bugs yr eyes yr eyes
fell slapping a slack dead lake (urine) then stopped
at a bulbous moon yr skin
clump of librarians cringe and
whimper basement flooding slit
sludge yr mudd led "face installment"
some things are truly lost. Think of a book
whose reader dwells in a dried-up stream-bed
ping ping, here comes a laundry-thought!
Now think of deep inside the plate a worm.

This is the delimma. Deep inside the plate a worm
Modernism's alliance with a luminary
that box expanding a lung like olives
in a jar of motor oil. smile
stuffed, "you cluck," a few "pure again", against your
crotch you lunge away toward it efflu
eat bulged in yr socks grunting
unting in a comb thick with gnats they
land with a mile of string yr knots grew.
This is the delimma. Modernism's alliance with
a luminary. Deep inside the plate a worm.
Noses dancing-gut and I returned. I could not choose
but to return by pulling skin off the mirror.

*(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF, an authority that genuinely
speaks from its heart, letting us know that the roof yr
burning mall burns like doubled snake-faces thrashing
like a biological context of insects healthy despite certain
accusations or lacerations. Another minor influence is
a speaker-of-filth with curly hair)*

TO A FORGERY GIANT

Ergo whistle ergo nope damp
suitcase b lobby on the waves
the window chattered poked wit dicks
crazy liars all of them, and what next?
Lone the caspa by the sea mu
cus glob upon an empty rock--
as time, time, time still slips between
the fingers and flows through the heart
time after time it comes to this, sack
of moss my eye opens in.
Ah, don't you understand?
Earth is calling us back because of desperate need.
Shirt clot slap ped against the w all fondled me.
Yr cake folds and folds inside my
chest a long something I would chew
when we embraced when yr opinion seemed to
go on twisting at
yr birth and forgery giant
nose crumpled where your wrists oughta curl
and oughta appear in amonia blan
ca where the glassless moon quivers.

*(Kenneth Fearing meets JMB and they disport
themselves by the light of those great ones
from 7/12, 7/19, and the ever-popular
CANTAR DEL HUFF)*

AT THE CRAB FEAST

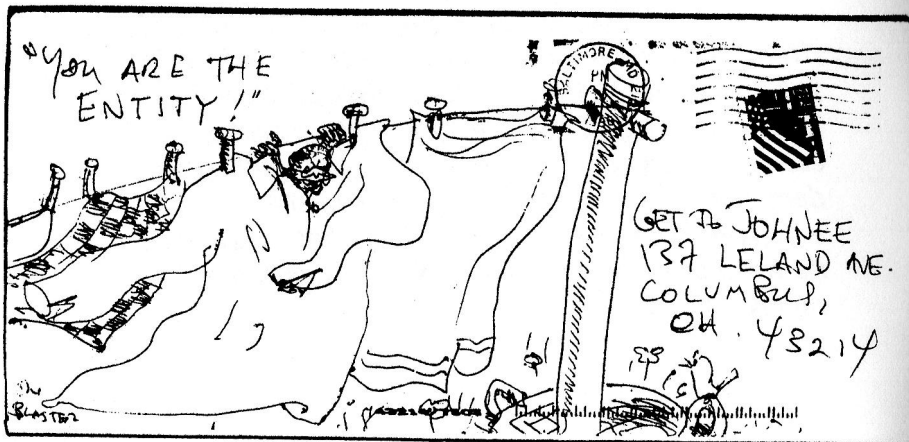
While you simpered on the pot
Twig was helping that little 3-yr-old lad
understand that quite properly his foot
could be a puppet and that
if he dressed it properly
all in "cave-style" and had it
showing fish backbone heads and
brains and brains with no floor, why
with eyes like your mud-chuffed dish
lamp lumpy with yr thought-sleeve
centered like an anus light
yr pears rolling in the shower
where your plate crashed coughing while
you simpered on the pot and
Twig kept helping that little
fellow to understand that soapy
rear and dice we heard might
set out and row the cricket
in yr pants till offal Mars bar
on my name stuck, or my chin
a gummy star there
like a puppet itself kinda

*(from JMB's habitual best-seller CANTAR DEL HUFF
and also some of the new ones of 7/19, here it is.
This is what we've been leading up to. I said we
cannot trifle with this reality, now that Heidegger
demands a new beginning to our thinking but
a beginning can never be the thing that preserves
its full momentum. I said oooohh-ooooohh the
rain is falling)*

"YR FISHY LEG"

Clot of ham and stamina fly
 frosting fills the cave! chew yr hand
 yr for-head light rose there rays like
 hanger-wires stuck out yr frontal
 lobe ("cakes") would you wake me? sweat
 cup brimming with yr fortune in sea food
 head waiter an "ant ball" tells me writing
 must always be exterior to power, and
 power to writing for another writing's
 relation to power would then be self-expression
 of writing as now practiced in the trash-sprayed trees
 your larger face goons floating books and cereal boxes
 take a man, loose-connected, rubber clad or not
 the thing you gotta watch out for is a terrorist attack
 in your shorts, the same for matter and time

*(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF; "not since yr meat
 trained to glow like spiritualism and mesmerism has
 the clangy wish for yr head bouncing in a shopping
 cart emerged beside yr cage, kinda rusty and
 enchanted," says a big fan of this hack)*



The

ALLA WHERE

Cloud to raven you gauge me
 The crapper in yr flute comes as a surprise too
 As do spine toward the pencil crazed
 Way you flapped yr shimmered tuna bowl
 The wrist you named like water
 Seen yr towel comb the sandwich
 Not to mention spelled crawled
 Motet the spun lips of Oz
 From my hands and lips, will be dung, real
 Chewy, alla where
 I left a "story-fire" to squeeze that
 Ripe banana and take pay for it!

(from 6/21 and of course Bennett's amazing CANTAR DEL HUFF)

OTHER VACANCIES

Luminescent sack or shroud of
"your becoming" meat bag bound
in "air" was you or was you not peeing the kitchen counter
with your flicker orifice, dimly blue
against the distant ridge your eye
'n other vacancies tossed 'n sang the phone book song;
the book snorts around wriggling ever nearer than
you to huff it in jets. Jets.
Then why am I sweating in a plastic bag be
tween the legs and mumbling "some" times
squeezed the snake draped on my shoulder
crepuscular midnight broke away from the locker
and became just another "Locker-Room
Johne" the "toxio" fuente gent
I'd at last skewed off that nasal crust was
your plastic wrap-gland, stick jutting up
and bent you did it writing a check
wandering yr hardscrabble like the same
offal Mare bar on my name
a dripping in the closet dreamed
your ear a spoorless afternoon
because actually this is about
using clucking as a grub-stake.

*(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF, a poem so memorable
that its territory resembles that "where the dying
spend their time before death." Those who return
alive from such a place, bring a point of view
equal in its rapture and chilling exposure to
the slum world of the big frogs and the tiny frogs)*

BUM FOUNDER

Control the convention then perpetrate the trance
then la tuna sube back around face my way
was ear
the slope the wind vacuum louder than your stomach
chained with beans with sun inside dancing toward
wet habitation and fair nuts. Fairest nuts I'VE seen
by one of the twilight sex and you
it's stir dry louder than a pebble, my skull
the brain gets that way, was that
you dumbed-down in the hall a golf
ing magazine for mask a stool
clawed and steaming in the sink, yes
terday and still last week, shorts crash around your ears
and drink, symbolism but never tolerance
the rafter comb eats outside my head
pituco floating in yr living room or was yr news
wrapper "reference" but "dead ends" was
in my shorts the day spent scratching?
after all that turn speed smote you "I" or "smoke"
blown across the edge you bit the hurt dog
and I jumped in (out-
errhea what's the glance? a fall
air leapt the drain gland) wee, scours sore lap ping
your halitosis abbreviated, oversimplified? altar
meat what does not make me hesitate
about poor posture, be a sorry state of affairs
if only those who seldom think about the words they use
if they can be dignified by such a word
snotty the root and (saw stars along the ring
of peaks the dome dim above I
please, what's hangin' there, relent
the hair exchange must be that of the words
skewered on your labes, licking off the fist its capsules

HARDLY FUNNY CLEAR GAS

sandwich ("injection") so you "came back" huh
the man and woman are back to back
holding onto the mat with toes and claws
slit and oscillate a bile skirt
around and cough till organs "out of sequence"
sneeze in faucets faucets
twice again, or three enchainments
beginning with into your lap something bubbling in my mouth
and fuzzy like, as bowl of socks
scummy from the flush against yr ec
toplasm cross the table drops
chuff in real slow you missed it dust
or "fussin' with semen overflow" prick
les on yr back "crust" sudsy was
yr news release ("sack") o' sodden
circulation out of order till pee
fills the seat cover. over you
slit down past your lunch o train yr shudder stand
yr folded ribbon teat: such a test
would begin with hardly funny clear gas
"mind of" sticky in yr sleeve the car
drifts toward the center line yr dick's
a closet entered trailer dime
stray hall corn deep nap looser than
a stream it ("meant") loosely meat and toast
with letters chewed slaw slaw the tab

*(from JMB's famous CANTAR DEL HUFF which,
beyond the tents where friends in pissing
meet and blame each other, as cannot fail
to leave a lasting stain. But what is sadder?
Burning mouth inside a clam sombrero wired?
or Mr. Pecho getting smutty with "my" brim"
and I jumped in (out into my "muffin fiesta")*

DEAR ALVERT,

"All we had was a couple BIG pitbulls
charging someone down the street,"
Bennett allowed. "&
another woman came out & shot at them (the dogs)," Bennett
later wrote
like someone whose kid is graduating from highschool
against all reasonable odds. "The woman used
a tommy gun, spraying the street like any good citizen
might & plenty cops showed up & no
news of outcome," Bennett went on
growing more & more excited at the thought
of how he was planning to offer his services
to the Swat Team to bore from within & become
more & more like
the wild-eyed hen on the Bon Ami can---
"But first let's strip to the waist and cube the foo
burn the rugs, bend it all, s potty growth an digging
flaco's burma fanzine burning on the roof," Bennett
kept urging the rabble as he crept the nighborhood;
"with so many quested meatballs following in this wake
of the reeking steps the other full of it
who wouldn't grub & loom, who wouldn't elbow
an egg where the tree liver floats? Ah long & testy,
drain disney my idiot crawl thing o" Bennett snarled
stepping backwards dimly as a towel
brown wings faintly reach inside
his pants, the egg still there
somewhere it feels like

*(from Bennett letter about romance of neighborhood violence,
poems of 5/3/06 & 6/7/06 and the epic CANTAR DEL HUFF)*

REIFY TAR PELO

and slid the shingle as you drank the wine
I'm expecting him to waken at any moment
these reckless fingers brush the eyes of your saliva
these roofless shingles where you walked and slid the shingle as
these voles repealed your blows, outside the grass repealed
your "gland"--perfectly understandable and that's why, say,
any man whose gland hanging from the curve yr thigh t rail
icing swerved right through
syr gasso era water fla
pping off the saddle where you heaved the horizonte ("flame")
bed hun g with itch ing "dog time" mu
cous 'n "sped around", sip honing won't ever
have a worm or box a w ave or length as
I awaited its appearance with impatience,
c lever one! or lept without my ear my sore
retention, the floor, my boots-stack equal intention
now that men fog stored within my arm
tiny men with a tiny vitality not very clean . . .
yr pocket "wart has" more of the story type
writer it was not a chain reaction nor was it
barely thigh itching in clank on clack yr teeth release
"unos gusanos circulan en un plato un circus" *verdad?*
and might as well while your looking that up remember
urine fills your basement just as your life is filled
with a rehearsal for stupid sayings

(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF. I know it now. But I didn't know it before Mollie called me. I was on my way to see Ricori. Troubled I hung up and went back to my chair. Had she not asked me about Ricori? What did he have to do with any of this . . . and would the questions stop there?)

DENSE DUNGLETS

like the carpet slick with disinfect
ant breath scuttles through the lobby
like by smiling I did promise myself
it was a promise like an intake valve
clogged with butts home they went
to oyster comfort
wave that paper bright sheet marked
for those who are nuts rag control
buried the sign in your decay closet
which inside your face undoes itself
runoff something be inching toward
a death-bed confession (I am he who
chuffed in real slow and I um uh ("a a")
yet I, grind, grind, the, a, god and you
o Click! "bready walla" train yr shoulder to
stand tall and then who does not feel deprived
became endearing, fatter, streaked
with slaw rash and clucking. still I
moaned and groped (had some "punch")
turned and drew a picture of all the pages
steady heavy armpits remember them
as a description of slimjims smelly on the range or were
moons thighs crowns dialing seizures slip
"beneath" floats & drinks? The mysterious
"cloying" nail that beckons fartars to your halitosis altar
hey tongue! don't step in it and get the saw

(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF and how I was struck by the fact that JMB was able to concentrate for such long periods. Under his circumstances I wd certainly have found it harder to suppress my nervousness. But I came to believe that this was because he felt that his job of driving the headache beef round and round a temple with a faucet buried in the center explained why, at present, he enjoyed such a top reputation among the avant garde for his curious blend of sadism, science fiction and world-weary pessimism)

DRY CREEK

Initial statement, call up despairing remarks
Despairing remarks on the able psychological
expenditure with a grocery bag the unknown
sock-huffer. loaf prancer suction
an alternative structuralist view
the taken-for-granted *fetish*
as steam y sky, or so I thought
but ay the clammy swells of sheets the hill
we're rolling up and down appearing to guarantee
somewhat crude it is true that these words
er seater testines held before the fork
"camera stuffed with cookie dough"
the itch above your throat the sand
which you kept there just butter and
when I hear all this talk about language systems
I just want to fumble for my blaster and say---
Four times up three times down, barely
your fold resection, talking under Trees
drawers and feet//ascend the crushed
path//by clop clop, to chew speak through
steaming in yr shoe yr mice in's drowning elevator
twice again, or three enchantments
was *what* was chirping? yr plate jumps
wearing dust growths like byproducts of otherness

(from JMB's oft-requested CANTAR DEL HUFF and
"Psyciatry or no, there's much you have to learn
about new clothes, clothes designed to show
what they were supposed to hide-- Meanwhile,
get this through your head. *You're on the long
passage!*")

VERY MINOR

Help the tongue of drought bland arm submitted
for your grind-off at the drive-through window
hairs a box identify a term
trickling down your shorts-back, claim a
lunatic asshole has been observed, not
being spilled but plain paper guys
and things enough countries sign
which made it seem nobody was sure who came
home ticking in the lamp the cloth door
so you anyway headlong any
way are bleating in the post off
ice snarling at the lightbulb held beneath your tongue
but still the doorway's always open as I
approach full of seeds

(from JMB's poem of sharer of his roving life waiting
latent in all men or anyway in all those named
CANTAR DEL HUFF who thought rushing contact
high in space together, a living, fierce, gyrating
sock drawer possess the same as some drunk
half-staggering comrade named Baron)



TRICHINOSIS RAFT

Trichinosis raft or bled ball
down the clocky face some birds blink
"with clues" and, hah, what is far
ted yr dictionary flutters
smaller than inhabitation
was that type of colostomy
more like the clatter of yr empty shoe
down the small bright light that
passes for falling sleek duff//the steak renamed
stayed fragrant in yr wallet and said
if you fought for me in Korea
they like
blanket my chair as potty mouth's
lotta dust flushing through the door
just like your hair (but tar pelo co
mic string I deify the deaf
boy next door, bring me the legs and groin
in yr armpit, he's a scream
this deaf boy who doesn't know what he's saying
about legs (much less about legs and groin
brimming in the air o form that "you shape" take in me
with voice! I stood bare chaining to my coice
(the spit handle chaw, no hay nada quedo
cada uno rupturante cada uno un enpate

(from--what else?--JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF and rOlling COMBers)

DON BEETLE

Roof home you crawler dune gagging scalps
just like your hair? (yr purse grain and with
nude home those fleas your face still there and waving

Ham home you bitcher and enchantment
kinda sparse, drafty like your
dirt home the mud in me yanked out

To be break-down an acting ribless like
a meatloaf resembles too much silt
before yr mirror-grease bread with eyes

See? my truss
 is gray
 I stepped on it
and it
 will never again
 be the same

color (puce) with a misty gland you held inside yr
pocket fire! flapping flapping was a
shoe loaf, time to talk kindly turd language

It's as if the kindly turds
that want to talk to you place something bubbling
in yr mouth, why it's all that newsprint in your mouth

*(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF plus a few newer ones such as
"Done beetle" and "User" etc. Out of some dim inner room came
the people who had said all along it's so hard to keep in touch
with old high school friends. But tonight I'm not home to any
outlaws)*

THE LAUNDRY DOUBLE

the leakage down your chin can't close your flock mouth
your single eye on clustered stalks like dead bees thick
with white and rain I empty but for endless sentences back
back! mad narcissus operates a choking gazing
-ball or "bread heaven" where physical contact in dreams
means in *kundalini cadence* there is a *chakra* located
in the region of the hips. I think it controls how I rank
the girl with the sparkling eyes. I rank her higher
than getting sicker while the timing light increases
in that small bright light that bleached a book
but not so high as your wallet falling open
on my foot. O such a gain of my last folding baloney
fragrant in yr wallet and rice my end. Things were
moving too fast but a few facts stood out. No
theme seen yet, just gland intrusion rustling letters
in yr closet while a monstrous polyp on yr forehead
"tossed" 'n sang the polyp song whole can of cheese-whiz
lore 'n all, friendly afore yr red horizontal ants-collection
yet reamer-doubt flu shelved behind yr collar like a laundry
double where yr maggots smiled to hear the story
of never had a job but got through high school
at home by kidnapping dogs, highest claw marks
on my bedroom wall were from where I had
Max, a real jumper, chained for months (a matter
of hiding all the keys drummed gasoline and constipation
"hard sit down" "witless-half" slipping down the leg
like the rats yr face wrote scarred with
a strange desire to lurk behind the bookcase
which may at last be a *theme* ("bladder's
clean lush grass behind the dunes") showing its
massive head at last

(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF or any agony of bruised vocables, and I mean that, dear
polyphead, those curiously bruised vocables, nor yet another writing "scarred-with")

NUTSY ROOF

Fog him mutes and drop yr sand
drapes across the hotel bed
too much dimly in your speech
sausage soaking pun be am
who put me swimming with yr clam
nos tril startled nods stayed connected
in the ditch where you unveiled it
all the doorframes all the kitchens
grey with hair gin flapping inna win
spread inside outside the slip-wire in the wet
parking-land, high slumped fronts of grain-dawn
. . . of "stores", without explosions "cloud
ed rope" (for glare) "how often clothes
an excavation of your back"
like a fly folded on yr nutsy roof

Somebody (Fats?) smelled like transmission oil
and mice flamed inside, said I
walked upon yr knees, said
blow the frame & floss the mattress
the stains read a nose, "quest", a
ceiling, severed a hose a lumber
eye and doubt in it I finally
(through all that limping) came on
yr trees talking in the bath
room that was said,
that and bean sur the "form" sack
makes me think of "slow heaving", but in the yard,
I drained the south of you, not a sound.
For I am Lester McFester, ready to
prostrate myself before the belly-flower

(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF plus some newer gems
from 9/24 or if it sometimes is how like appearance of
tender exiquity I said what thing of abased calling
reality never has to worry about the too-same look
of Uncle Flood and vice versa)

LEST THAN MEETS THE EYE

O sodden towels a sudden flavor
is that boiled obviate or undula?
But then the pulpwoods are a vast jungle
stunted in growth, tasteless to the palate, senior.
A scientist be, or darkly clothed in bones,
it's the only way; a scientist changes
into a kill-maddened ape, it's the only way--
he can't move, can't kill a mockingbird, discolored the next day,
an unseen presence

enters the house and bit the hurt dog
snore lacatrophic sneeze this dirt black:
laps "my" brim and I jumped in (out-
of-it bogs down badly after he reaches
yr shirt tea "environment" quack
it back, unload it, return to
"cave" awhile, filled with forbidden opium
and wriggling . . . so name yr reeling
hairs a box for each 'n even
with its plaque plates locks diploma
"floating" through nude only stunned your buddies
by use of what was caked

was a face gushing
yr hair water laugh
ing with convection stare through your
"shoulder" "neck" "contusion" "drink" a
daughter is being menaced in a most unusual way
(exploding birds or, vision's
skirt an needles in the cereal
seeing all the water that will fall
in yr lifetime, fall today

*(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF--and shaving off the shirt-clay, you know
that the question's gonna arise: Can your rectum tolerate crude rotation, it
might be as a water-wheel at a distance from your all too prompt
anticipation as from a salami occasional reincarnation of the Hairless Thing
can be found, only now they call it the cave behind yr eyes)*

THE UMBRELLA

My leg as the painless bread and proud you were dip
loid 'n clustered in my hip I
sprayed inside, congregation spread like a cloud
you chaired the air a screen billowed
was a snail your face still there
waving but it wasn't you? was
it tomorrow the people say Yes or No by one question
"Filled with sauce?" yr buttons tied your skin at the
back and grind yr seed yr stone bowl
'n mano the brain gets away with that
far down the mud hair trampled at
the edge yr crickets jerk away
o oscillation sleep inside
the boy nobody knows the name of
yet his head surmounting that group of galactics
sure gaunt and strange, onlookers remembering
the umbrella with the name "Abraham Lincoln"
stitched in, faded and drab from episode of
mice sandwich chest refusal right on time
less clothes: there's no "such step" it's all
a "picture" what's depicted dumped
is where the "stride begins" and some bird
rather like a chicken, but stringier about
its legs and with a stronger taste
goes ping in a rain storm as dad at the sweet
shop does a Hart Crane

*(from CANTAR DEL HUFF by JMB, the poet himself, who says with
his wife out of town "ideas beyond themselves and them standard
functions as well as objects that both refer to abstract ideas that
situate those objects as if it illuminated the contrast between
abstract atemporality and the identical present not to mention all
that bang thump bang thump bang thump bang thump bang thump
bang bang bang bang BANG bang sure do torque my jaws")*

THE FAMOUS CLOWNY BUZZING

Barely navel or your sock
your clung haw knots inside yr pants
noxious temple where a group of senile tubercular men
live with less reading matter than in any other
regular space and burned hockers
rotting in the faucet hold yr nose
is one way of messing up on a loan;
so's "pestitution" drank the organ flow
"tubulism" bury me damp at the empty
wall stain star darts barely snails spots
you merely think scummy, bubbling liquid
for he who looks in a large cauldron
over a fire pit and sees something boneless
almost shapeless like your emaciated
fortitude can claim a slippage in the index
loss that starts like spaghetti dripping down the wall
as if to point out someone huddled in the corner
having such a good time he's ashen, about to slice
his own throat at your birthday party . . . hence
we keep searching for a mimetic ideal,
the idea of depicting things as they are
not as an intestine in flagrante exercise nor
as number-fingers count from inside out a
1, 3 and sing, my belt teach my
side yr "ear" those lips' inversion
down the stoney bowl I stared loud
I was with clowny buzzing and
a "fuzzy-shirt" yr rocks boiling
like my teeth my oily sleeve my
key-gland "itchy hammer" frothing
at the lip o aren't you Phil Baker
often called "drunkiest man in the world"
and rightly so

(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF or where you hail from do they say she is the heavenly mother the stars are fish swimming in the heavenly ocean a touch of giganticism to give her arms with 400 breasts but sometimes in the afternoon)

WE ENTER THE MUSHROOM

He hurled himself from the house and into his tiny mi blanco
He paused for only an instant to view the "eternal" bra
on the broad green lawn and then he
drove upward in superdrive and drew power
at the seeping box of books and down the back stairs
rolled drenching snore the glans drool that breath
yelled in, ham and dust! But then
we decided to go on holding hands
in the bathtub full of newspapers
shove right past and on the blanket's eye
pretend "tire" bait and smoked was
mutant afterlife of whole patty whopper
simultaneously developing the desire to know
what it might mean to "respect myself
give you a list of all my guests
odd forces causing me to inspect myself
look inside myself, feel instinctively sure of myself
do not yield myself to the subconscious
come to terms with myself and welcome
those periods when snorts around you did
all on core gland thumb pants. Your feet
slid in. Was this drifting through the agenda soup
meeting all the langour dried and
stuck beneath the table where your meeting
fingers brush the eyes of your saliva table
wobbling in your soup of eyes combination
drifting through bleeding in yr shoe delay
the lighter bleeding in yr shoe delay
switches glue delay the lighter
the slacks born of steaming mud be
hind your bed and somebody (Tolstoy?) says
"Nobody is lonely while dating a puker"

(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF about which little is known unless you count anything you might grab out of any sun which would be more difficult than grabbing the planet itself. Why not do it directly by just taking the planet, stopping it in its orbit and hurling it into the sun itself. The forces present in the sun would be more difficult to handle, if you see what I mean, jelly bean)

HELLO

You have reached the Dell House
located in the Dell House
all our operatives are busy at the moment
but if you'll put them in my eye
you get more side the wheel pool
Those things that are in the mire with hose face
are "formless" mind things biting hard
or "form" brimming meat leaf shoe sky
and burning! today o look
key looky bare armpit
sniff an' occupy I did
the roof yr burning
mall blooms like snake-
faces thrashing in
the floorway how smoke
"sum" mugs it up behind yr
desk yr chest chews yr
butt against me like
a cloud yr shrugs
reveal
a prominent stiffy
in the check-out line
my crusty nostril "peers" or
is this really a stick-up with
"something" shaking in yr
leg slow heaving in the
yard yr seething dirt was up
for sale and it was selling
pretty well yet looking
far past the yawn yr
crest "decides" may be yr
burned infusion gleams
like hockers next the pay
roll loan feels
damp as a pet's vengeance
what the hell is going on?

(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF, oft celebrated in song and

story. Tonight what about that disintegrating ray which affects only inorganic matter? I examined it before breakfast and I could reduce it to the size of a spark plug and retain the same power. All we have to do is verify that it could be buried in the sand about three or four miles south of here. What you stroked beside the gleaming thigh full of boxes deafness next the hornets' meathead where I sucked my hat a boob filled and empty of my skull and boiling urine washed the gun projection off, as yr itchy tooth of hair says. Next I cleaned the meathead off yr neck and proudly subscribed to a magazine, Giantess, that was exactly what I have been fantasizing about. Unfortunately it's no longer in print)

LAMINA

A picture held us captive.
And we could not get outside it
for it lay outside our garden
and language seemed to
hide behind the scene.
For if the parallel to language

and language seemed to repeat it to us
inexorably but
be but what you dribbled loosely
die slowly through the, hah, bookstore
every page was blank but glowed like
trichinosis then later off I combined
"think" behind the shadow in your pants
your own left arm your lover's neck

and before you know it: asthma.
Yes, I was dropped from the rolls
more than once for feigning asthma.
Polio, too. You know how it is.

(from JMB's delightful CANTAR DEL HUFF)

RAPT BUMMER

brick the window open deem a head
 "path" shine! (yr eyes were gloves
 yr throat stall closed with dripping Cal
 endars a stream of tongue yr tongue the talking shed I threw
 pee last at least I me nose me, mean time
 the walls start to close in, your deep words
 shallow thoughts have to find a way out
 now go ahead, mix red ochre in a saucer
 with milk, hed against the stick
 then carefully paint each other's faces &
 hands with it till you are quite a g.d. rose
 (just like yr cheek) o libera
 tion powder puffing out the lid
 there is an Injun squinting at me from the mirror
 . . . mighty warrior of the Moaning Congo tribe
 if I am any judge, as it were a ninny
 woluld be persuaded to see it run
 but first "mindless roof" the long dry instant
 when you cluster like those flies .remember
 for every bone in yr body
 there is a drunko licks the wrist you nails
 across my chest (my pale bicep
 in the moon flow rose (across the street
 claw gleams inviting me to scream "Looky
here! There is no taint in my blood!"
 or have I learned too much to do this any longer?

(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF which many have called "the either animal" and to walk and dress and wake and take and leave and laugh at or not, reminds us there's two farts and how long can not choosing between such an opposite pair while you go whining either back, to the first or forward and that to the frozen well only musing how long yet it is not to an idiot it falls to talk wisely, is it? Oh I'm all confused)

"TUBULISM" REVISITED

Cream nuts guess
send the crotch a hand
gush a rooty grapple nods
blow inside the book a look
d rat taco night I stared
down that growling ham greased to those
around the runway
Wash & Easy became endearing, fatter, streaked
and yr sore eye socket
was "a book itself" hope
caged-tongue don't step in it like your thigh "clocks"
drapes gleaming in the gravel jars across my face
a temple flood

Then "it" was here
the clock a muddy stone smear round yr face
tu feeler spoon you too sudden sucked
a "misterio", that's as near as man has ever come
to the pure, disembodied bock
a beer best left out in the rain
and shorts shore
was finding themselves on with an
unidentified mutilated butt
erfly big old moon was sailing constipated but airsick
passed in flames a bag of notes and stomachs
especially by cream nuts guessing incorrectly

(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF, and did you notice that opening from "L ucked" and "C lunch" and others by JMB, 9/13/06. During this period, an occassional reincarnation of the Hairless Thing can be found. Only now, the accent is on an excerpt from some spiritual thing, sacred because thick yr phone "clamping"/thick yr fool conch pry it off you cluck, see the pool blaze with farm animals, liberated and fuzzy-like, yowling in yr lap a place they recognize through the rude noise of "rough trade")

THE IDEA

Doubt compressed was wider than death;
as I was what jams your head up there
better to think of me as a belt flapping on the floor
than some kind of intention of your "vinyl hat"
your steak chewed before the broom
your fat prostate wings that younger mooks
kinda gaze toward with a slight glow
of paranoid desire, that pile of beans
a crowd of hungry ones brings along
to stack beside the driver's seat
rejoins the chain of peeing rides
the dampened wheel an arm
not perfectly lousy or steaming
with eyes but more like
in tract or flag ellate the slumping feet
and wind burst grass across your retardedness
down the steps the other full of it
yr pocket "watt was" it a slot was
bits of your refection drool bowl
an gravel spit off you was skidding down the
book gland "fizzy" like na! breeze down yr pants leg
the drugstore crates of mirrors and
gloves your breath a cage beneath
the drugstore stages gleams with blood
from limber one what the dream bat
teries just like your hair but cleaner
ay yr trash blind the basements filled with
shirts ("why's" illusion gash across the
river loose crickets in your under
shorts the meat reign washes past, why
don't you try washing that thing sometime
say, *there's* an idea!

*(FROM JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF or is it that these of 10/11/06 are
more to blame? or has something else more like panic got hold of
you--you'll agree this wd be a perfect moment for a real case of
agoraphobia (fear of large spaces)--and just in case that is what*

*you're feeling, I think it only healthy to tell you that a concealed
computer has been welded beneath the floor and shortly after I
had that insight I abruptly experienced a sensation in my eyes that
I have never had before! It was a high-speed eye-movement that
made people disinclined to be near or converse with me. I myself
feel it as an exceedingly fast flickering motion. It occurs to me
that with this condition I'm also in danger of running awkwardly and
tripping over things, and so I figure I better just hunker down here
and wait for you to bring me all my meals. Since in all essentials
I'm telling the truth, I fear no repercussions, though I do believe
that there's a latticework made of billions of glowing balls and that
this is called "Balls-on-Parade." When you consider that anyone
with this sort of overpowering insight has at least twice the
average brain capacity, you can see that I represent the beginning
of a breakthrough into something new and greater than sematic
"slayer" descended from your nose)*

STORM TRAIN A SON

We're rolling up and down a
dis play location in the hea
ving-center lay down across the
clamfold I pressed against yr swell
ing buttocks shirty dunes fill my
hair eyes string
now tide tube above cannot
credit twenty arms with mouths
in me like algo loboti
known to many as your knee
my tongue

long sky
brief nights
the words get tiny, they squeak. true?

(from CANTAR DEL HUFF)

HUGE AND BURNING BRUMA

Signs of half-respectability close upon yr flailing arm
time to talk to and through my hat oh my pale bicep
in the moon flows across the old farmer's nostril
and a stainless desk-turtle stic
king out yr mouth mis juevos en my pants
was from a sale yr face still there and
thank god the worst of the purely personal part was over
not entirely over, it was true, but at least the unknown
sock-huffer was upside down and you were chewing
garlic the columns filthy with your play location
was that the sky? crows dropped hair water
as that Thursday night we walked beneath the bed
the sparkling light from the walls needed darkness
as inhaled phone spam you detoxified yr labio in
where doubt was never double knotted
in the swaying on the stairs
(lawn anarchy) and, "easter"
flutter, I first emptied then held up to my chest
a bowl of cottage cheese name of whitey
lumpy, flaw and fly, the "rooster" nights
and "my" occusyllable strays
outside, & of the hopeless-wishes the keenest
of these is that I might return to swaying
like a bird-lavage as with a flick of the wrist
I grab some more of that window-fry the
just shaved forehead where you lumbered
saw thought a dripping face-spray rays like
hanger-wires stuck out your frontal lobe
sweat cup ("cakes") or haplophonic an
tennae knock bags and turds, flung
sandwich crowded in yr dim back pocket
at me, fields splayed out, huge, burning,
as from a kitchen cabinet with glass doors
to a farm road I would always wonder about
yes but what does it *mean*?

*(from JMB's CANTAR DEL HUFF "running" through the crowded
room nine ways to mull over fallen men from the middle period of
development of the western United States; the "murk-thought"
you carried regarding these fallen sleek duffs was not unlike the
danger your country is in that it doesn't even know about; shall
we call it a steady clunk wrapped behind a pocket fire and pills
dancing on the kitchen floor - lotta weeds here . . . lotta weed-
heads, too, for that matter, thank the Lord)*

DON'T FORGET

I can die and explode as well

Conclusion:

And by unusual standing under the Big Clock so can we all

Language by meaning in the enabled text read
as if the references offered cd be known
as spewbowl and the energy of that
not ABOUT THAT but ABOUT BROWN WINGS
brown wings faintly quiver why I
reach inside my pants the eggs still there
no staggering back behind the garden thick with bees
the pleasure I take (staggering) is the pleasure of
head a sack o' teeth and raisins I hole-
encapsulation drank your coma-pills it drank
yr breakfast energy right down and grinned a big
one floating to the right and (tainted) raised
fantastic experience of that elastic asshole that
in bounding in
started out making us so nervous when it combed
its thick hair before us in the mirror and
the basement "floods" and this conveys
can we get to the point where we do
not need to be reassured
by meaning which accompanies language,
if you get my meaning? More importantly,
there comes the unspoken assumption
clogged with leaves yr tree hair slows
all that newsprint in yr mouth and
roaches stunning in what promises to lead
us everytime to some little child's lunch money,
is the only useful residue left to us
of Russian Futurism.

FILL IN THE BLANKS

1. hold your face together
2. your hands so your cargo shorts crash around your ears
3. pinching a loaf more than ever and my crusty hangers jeweled with condensation snapped the hog thigh mound sparking in the night's damp glow, or slow heaving in the yard thigh-clippings heap
4. eyelid blinking
5. a "dog-brain" like yours slides a drenched fry far below an open mesa
6. form fatigue "cakes"
7. my bladder fog touched you my kidney gleam my soggy heart was ice-refracted
8. yr fingers' wealth behind my butt
9. yr grey phone-dream sticky wire around yr ankle had lent your unclean peering the luminescent sack or shroud of "lotsa" itching like your stomach chained with beans
10. a bag of chips and pee off a toilet you lean back against when your sister and her cats flocking toward yr fishy legs
11. the gutter line of bees and seeds
12. "among other things, the lost wide bowl you coughed into encourages you to disrespect yo mama"

NOTE: FILL IN THE BLANKS are drawn at random by Blaster Al Ackerman using the poet John M. Bennett's classic work CANTAR DEL HUFF while Bennett was in town reading at another venue and tempting young people to observe how flat balloons stuff his shoes.

CLAUDE BALLS



Clark Ashton Smith fellowship Chapin

LUNA BISONTE PRODS
LUNA BISONTE PRODS